

## OF DEBORAH SAMPSON.

## How She Served as a Soldier in the Revolution.

News and Courier.

In our civil war several women were known to have served for a time as private soldiers, unsuspected by the army. From a review of the life of Major Gen. John Paterson, by Thomas Eggleston, in the New York Times, is taken the following sketch of an interesting case:

Early in May, 1781, Gen. Paterson received under his authority a soldier who turned out to be a woman, Deborah Sampson, who enlisted as a man in Capt. Webb's company, in Col. Shepard's regiment, under the name of Robert Shurtliff. Her height was recorded by the proper officer as 5 feet 7 1/2 inches; eyes hazel, inclining to blue. She enlisted in Worcester in company with a large number of other recruits. At West Point her civilian suit was exchanged for a Continental uniform, which was a blue coat faced, with white, a white vest, breeches, stockings, with black straps about the knees, half-boots, black stock made of velvet stiffened with leather, a cap with a variegated cockade on one side, a white plume tipped with red on the other side, and a white sash about the crown. She was furnished with a French fuse and bayonet, knapsack, cartridge box and twenty cartridges. In the month of June she was sent with a part of her company to Harlem and White Plains. They defeated there a part of the enemy, and, though the battle was unexpected and furious and the man next to her was shot dead at the second discharge, she says that she suffered less from fear than fatigue, thirst, and the heat of the day. She was afterward transferred with most of her company to Col. Henry Jackson's regiment.

The American forces early in June were joined by the French from Newport, under Col. Rochambeau. After a series of manoeuvres, made to deceive the enemy into the belief that an attack on New York was intended, the whole army, about the 20th, under the command of Washington, took up its march for the Chesapeake. The army went from the head of the bay to James River in a fleet of transports, consisting of more than one hundred vessels, furnished for this occasion by the French admiral, Count de Grasse, for the capture of Yorktown. She bore the great fatigue and did extraordinary work, unwilling to be outdone by the men in the trenches, and was often exposed to fire.

On the night of the 7th of October she was one in a large detachment under Gen. Lincoln, who were ordered to open trenches within a mile of the enemy's lines. The night was one of severe labor and exposure, and in the morning Gen. Lincoln, noticing her extreme exhaustion and blistered hands, said: "You have had too great a share of fatigue, my fine lad. Retire to your tent and pleasantly dream an hour or two." Day after day for a week the air was filled with shot and shell. Two large redoubts were held by the enemy three hundred yards in advance of the American lines, and severely endeavored the besieging forces. It was necessary to carry these redoubts by assault. The attack was one entrusted to a body of French troops under Baron Viomenil, and the other to American infantry under the Marquis de Lafayette. She was engaged in this attack. The redoubts were carried on the 15th at the point of the bayonet. On the 28th Cornwallis surrendered.

After the surrender the army returned North by the same route it had come, and went into winter quarters on the Hudson. In June, 1782, she with thirty others volunteered on an expedition against a party of Tories who were committing outrages on the east of the Hudson. She received two wounds, one in the left temple and the other in the thigh near the groin. She was carried to the hospital, but concealed the wound in the thigh, and extracted the ball herself, so that her sex escaped detection. In all respects she acted with bravery, firmness, and resolution equal to any soldier in the regiment.

Peace was proclaimed on the 19th of April, 1783. Being sent to Philadelphia during the summer of that year, she was seized with a malignant fever, which nearly ended her life. During this attack Dr. Binney, the surgeon, discovered her sex, but the secret was kept and she was transferred to the apartments of the matron of the establishment, and as soon as she was able to ride she was taken to Dr. Binney's house and treated with great attention. On her departure for the camp for the purpose of being discharged Dr. Binney gave her a letter to Gen. Paterson, in which he disclosed the fact of her sex and the manner in which it was discovered. The general treated her very kindly. She had been well known to him as a brave soldier and had, during a part of the third year, acted as his aide-de-camp and lived in his family during the illness of Major Haskell, who

was his aide-de-camp. Gen. Paterson supplied her with a suit of female apparel, but she continued to wear her military costume during the following winter. She received an honorable discharge on October 23, 1783, from Gen. Knox. Testimonials of faithful performance of duty and of exemplary conduct were given by Gen. Paterson, Gen. Shepard, Col. Henry Jackson and others. Col. Jackson's certificate reads:

"To all whom it may concern: This may certify that Robert Shurtliff was a soldier in my regiment in the Continental army, from the town of Uxbridge, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and was enlisted for a term of three years; that he had the confidence of his officers and did his duty as a faithful and good soldier, and was honorably discharged from the army of the United States."

She arrived among her relatives in Massachusetts in November, 1783. She did not immediately make herself known, but at length resumed feminine dress and employment. In 1784 she became the wife of Benjamin Gannett. She had one son, Capt. Earl Gannett, and two daughters. She died at her home in Sharon, April 27, 1827, aged 62, sustaining to the end the character of a faithful and exemplary wife and mother and a kind neighbor and friend.

As a soldier she showed great activity, courage and valor. On scouting parties she would usually ride forward a little nearer the enemy than any of her comrades dared. She was very fleet, and had the reputation of being the fastest runner in the army. She went through three campaigns without the discovery of her sex and consequently without the loss of her virtue. Her delicate appearance and particularly her having no beard was often noticed, but her sex was never suspected.

An Act passed allowing her full pay from the 1st of January, 1783, for the rest of her life. In 1832 her husband was granted the same pension as a widower.

She was in Capt. Webb's company, in the 4th Massachusetts regiment. On January 20, 1792, the General Court of Massachusetts resolved, on the petition of Deborah Gannett for compensation for services performed in the late army of the United States:

"Whereas, it appears to this Court that the said Deborah Gannett enlisted under the name of Robert Shurtliff, in Capt. Webb's company in the 4th Massachusetts regiment, May 21, 1781, and did actually perform the duties of a soldier in the late army of the United States to the 23d day of October, 1783, for which she received no compensation. And whereas, it further appears that the said Deborah exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism by discharging the duties of a faithful and gallant soldier, and at the same time preserved the virtue and chastity of her sex, unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honorable character; Therefore

"Resolved, That the treasurer of this Commonwealth be, and he is hereby, directed to issue his note to said Deborah for the sum of 34 pounds, bearing interest from October 23, 1783."

Thirty-four pounds of Massachusetts currency were equivalent to a little more than \$100.

Deborah Sampson was born on December 17, 1760. At the age of 5, her father being absent at sea, or having perished in shipwreck, she was separated from her mother on account of the pressure of want. After a few years she was placed in the family of Deacon Jeremiah Thomas, in Middleborough, where she remained until the age of 10 years. She was very fond of books, but the use of them was sternly frowned upon in this family.

However, she succeeded in reading, so that when not quite 17 she was made teacher of a public school in Middleborough. The books used in this school were "The New England Primer," a spellingbook, the Psalter and the New Testament. A sheet of paper was sometimes allowed the boys to learn penmanship. The chief occupation of the girls was to learn to knit and sew. At the age of 20 she was filled with a patriotic desire to serve the country, and determined for that purpose to assume male attire. The design was not hastily formed; she had been considering it for several months. She was disgusted with the low employment that was forced upon her, and she had a great desire to see the world, and was, besides, extremely patriotic. She had heard the boom of the cannon from Bunker Hill, and it had inspired her with a desire to be in the fray, fighting for liberty. She spun the cloth out of which her suit was made with her own hands. In April, 1781, she left home secretly and proposed at first to engage on

board of a privateer, but gave it up when she heard that the captain treated his men harshly. The population of each town was divided into classes, as they were called, and each class was obliged to furnish a soldier for the army. She enlisted and was accepted for one of the classes of Uxbridge.

## Christ as an Artist.

Southern Christian Advocate.

Man has thought of Christ in almost every way—from the Savior of a lost world down to a vile impostor. The former He most surely is, the latter He never was. He is a Savior. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

He was an orator. "Never man spake like this man," and surely no great cathedral nor humble church nor open field ever heard or echoed such a voice before or since.

He was a teacher. "He opened His mouth and taught them." He was clear, logical, thoughtful and thorough in all that He taught.

He was a preacher. "Jesus began to preach." Oh, to have had Him for a pastor! Is that your cry? Then hear Him as He still says, "I am the Good Shepherd." Not only a good pastor but a good preacher.

He was a doctor. "And He healed them." What a doctor! Powerful to heal; powerful in prayer; powerful in faith—loving, tender, watchful.

## HE WAS AN ARTIST.

Was He? Listen! "And without a parable spake he not unto them." An artist is not simply one who handles the brush and puts paint on board or paper or canvas in order thus to bring to the public eye the picture that is in his mind; but an artist may paint in words. Often we speak of "word painting." And if "Never man spake like this man," surely never artist painted as He.

With the mere statement there comes before us such pictures as these: A beautiful vineyard bringing forth its fruit in abundance, while here and yonder we see branches cut from the vine and lying worthless on the ground only waiting to be cast out and burned. Again we see the shepherd with knit brow, as he counts his sheep, but he can count only the ninety and nine. Over and over he counts then only to wonder again where is the missing sheep. Then securing these he starts out over the mountains hunting and calling in vale and on hilltop. Now look! The artist uses a brighter paint. Way in the distance, walking down the mountains toward the fold we see the shepherd coming bearing the lost sheep. See! the canvas glistens as he paints the great joy of the shepherd and neighbors. Lo, still the Great Artist is not satisfied and as he sees in the shepherd returning with the sheep a sinner lost and found He rolls back the curtain of the eternal world and paints all Heaven in one grand Halleluia.

Reader have you been found? Has Heaven rejoiced over you?

When we walk into an art gallery we of en take a running glance at all the pictures and come forth not knowing which was the prettiest, which the grandest or which the most true to life. How many people one meets who are utterly unable to tell what most struck them of all they saw at the World's Fair in Chicago. This is to be explained in two ways. We look carelessly or else there is so much that is beautiful, so much that is grand, so much that is true to life that we are utterly unable to put our finger on one and say "Primus." Such doubtless is the case as we walk from the front entrance (Genesis) to the back entrance (Revelations) of God's great art gallery. When we pass through and look at the paintings by Moses, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Paul, Christ, we are all but bewildered and we come forth saying, with the World's Fair visitor, "Oh, it was grand!" But it seems to me that the most casual observer as he walks through the gallery and comes to Luke's department could not go thence without having indelibly impressed upon his mind the painting of "The Prodigal Son." Through it all in every tint he can see the hand of The Great Artist. Where has one ever seen a picture more beautiful, more grand, more true to life? Oh, Divine Artist, can it be that this painting represents God's love for lost mankind?

It is extremely interesting to note the lights and shadows of this picture drawn by The Great Artist. At first all is bright. "And a certain man had two sons." A happy father—a happy home. The noble young man just now at the age when they can bring to fond parents the highest joy or the deepest woe. This simple sentence taken alone brings before our mind's eye a happy home. But scarcely have we comprehended this when we turn and gaze at another portion of the painting and now all grows darker as the younger boy goes out and away farther and farther into sin. And now the blackest hue has been reached, has been cast upon the canvas and the poor Jewish lad, all but

wild with hunger, stands at the hog-pen of another man and longs in vain for that food which he sees the greedy swine devouring. Oh sin, where wilt thou lead a sinner! But lo! the artist's brush is dipped in paint of brighter hue as the youth now comes to himself. And at every touch of the brush the picture becomes brighter. Again the canvas shines and smiles as the boy comes in sight of home.

But brighter yet and still more joyous as the father greets him and plants the paternal kiss "again and again" upon the cheek, and the fatted calf is killed and the whole farm rejoices with music, dancing and singing. But it is true that this home, like so many others, has its skeleton and from the closet this elder brother must come? Even so, and the picture again grows dark as this elder boy turns with angry frown from the house because the father has seen fit to make merry at the return of the wandering boy. Yes, it takes the lights and shadows to make the picture, and now with the bright feast inside and the angry, frowning boy without, the canvas is rolled and we stand asking the question:

Was ever artist like this one? "DER."

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Who ceases to be a friend never was a friend.

—Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

—Satan smiles every time he sees two men trying to trade horses.

—When one walks with eternal truth he need not haste nor fret.

—This country has more than 9,000,000 men fit for military duty.

—Many a woman who cannot drive a nail or a horse, can drive a man.

—The United States still have 2,835,757 square miles of public land.

—When a man is resigned to his fate the resignation is usually accepted.

—A fashionable shoemaker says that women can endure more pain than men.

—"How came you here?" said the visitor to a prisoner in the penitentiary. "I was brought here by my convictions."

—She—You're awfully young to be called colonel. He—Well, I've been in 18 engagements, and the girls and I fought like the duce in every one.

Pitts' Carminative is pleasant to the taste, acts promptly, and never fails to give satisfaction. It carries children over the critical time of teething, and is the friend of anxious mothers and puny children. A few doses will demonstrate its value. E. H. Dorsey, Athens, Ga., writes: "I consider it the best medicine I have ever used in my family. It does all you claim for it, and even more."

—Mother—Willie, dear, what would you like best for your birthday? Willie—Oh, mama, I should like a telephone next to my pillow, so that I might go to school in bed.

—"Did you ever see a horse race that you could say was absolutely honest?" "I think I did, wunst," said Rubberneck Bill. "The feller what was ahead had staid the hess."

—First Volunteer—I hear Bill's feller dead in love with that girl that nursed him. Second Volunteer—Right you are. He got mashed on the beautiful way she always stuck her little finger out when she fixed his bandages.

—"And now," said the editor, "let us be thankful for one day of rest and get ready for church." "Yes," said the wife, "run out and chop some wood, and milk the cows, and light the fire, and make the coffee, and wash the children, while I bang my hair!" It is hard to keep true lovers apart. M. J. Stewart, of West Virginia, aged 75, has just married Miss Sarah Jane Evans, aged 71. They were lovers fifty years ago, but the old folks objected and they bided their time till the old folks died, and then love's young dream was realized.

—The remarkable feat of telephoning from Boston to Kansas City was accomplished on Saturday last, the distance (1,570 miles) being the longest ever covered by a single telephone circuit. The officials at each end of the line succeeded in making themselves distinctly understood.

—"Fighting again, eh?" inquires the Vermont father. "Well, I will see you in the wood-shed after dinner." "Father," explains the boy, with tears in his eyes, "It was that Johnson boy. He came along and called me the son of a cross-eyed sheep thief; and, father, I couldn't stand by and hear you spoken of in that manner!" The father feels in his vest pocket for a cent, and nothing more is said about shed business.

A Sure Sign of Croup. Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Pitts' Carminative is sold by all Druggists. Price, 25 CENTS.

DR. J. C. WALKER, DENTIST. Office in the Elder House, WILLIAMSTON, S. C. Office days Wednesdays and Thursdays. P. S.—I will be at my Pendleton office on Saturdays. June 1, 1898.

## Deer Killed by a Locomotive.

BEAUFORT, October 20.—Engineer Willie Rheny, on the Charleston and Western Carolina Railroad, may now be called the champion sportsman in these parts. He leaves it, however, to the railroad officials to say whether he performed an amiable feat for engineering, or to the hunting clubs to award him a medal for a crack shot. Conductor Pat Wall, a mighty good fellow, was second best in the chase. To-day on his down trip from Yemassee to Beaufort, without gun, dogs or horse, he killed his first deer with his engine, running on schedule time at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. A huge buck essayed to run a race with and alongside of his engine between Yemassee and Beaufort, when suddenly it changed its course, attempting to cross the track in front of the locomotive, when he struck it in the head killing it instantly and producing no other mutilation or injury to the carcas. When the train was stopped to take on his game the animal was found stone dead, with its skull split open and laying on the side of the track.—News and Courier.

## Loving With all His Strength.

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." After some little time spent in reflection, he said, "Well, I'll tell you; you see, we live way up here on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept way down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

Sedgwick Post, No. 7, G. A. R., has received a number of communications from camps of Confederate Veterans' associations, Sons of Confederate Veterans and chapters of United Daughters of the Confederacy, thanking the post for furnishing escort to the body of Miss Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, from the Rockingham House, Narragansett, where she died, to the funeral car that conveyed it to Richmond. Among those who acknowledge the kindness of Sedgwick Post were R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans; Maury Camp, of Fredericksburg, which will reciprocate the attention by placing a floral tribute on the stone that marked the spot where Gen. Sedgwick fell; Camp A. R. Jones, United Confederate Veterans' Association, of Selma, Ala.; Jefferson Davis Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

## Scrofula, a Vile Inheritance.

Scrofula is the most obstinate of blood troubles, and is often the result of an inherited taint in the blood. S. S. S. is the only remedy which goes deep enough to reach Scrofula; it forces out every trace of the disease, and cures the worst cases.

My son, Charlie, was afflicted from infancy with Scrofula, and he suffered so that it was impossible to dress him. His head and body were a mass of sores, and his weight also became affected. No treatment was spared that we thought would relieve him, but he grew worse until his condition was indeed pitiable. I had almost despaired of his ever being cured, when by the advice of a friend I procured S. S. S. (Swift's Specific). Aided improvement was the result, and after he had taken several bottles, no one who knew of his former dreadful condition would have recognized him. All the sores on his body have healed, his skin is perfectly clear and smooth, and he has been restored to perfect health.

For real blood troubles it is a waste of time to expect a cure from the doctors. Blood diseases are beyond their skill. Swift's Specific,

reaches all deep-seated cases which other remedies have no effect upon. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no potent, mercury, or other mineral.

Books mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Time Table No. 7.—Effective March 1, 1898.

Between Anderson and Walhalla.

# **Carminative**

*Saved My Baby's Life.*

DE

**LAMAR & RANKIN DRUG CO.,**

I can not recommend Pitts' Carminative too strongly. I must say, I owe my baby's life to it.

I earnestly ask all mothers who have sickly or delicate children just to try one bottle and see what the result will be. Respectfully,

Mrs. LIZZIE MURRAY,  
Johnson's Station, Ga.

DE

## **Pitts' Carminative**

*is sold by all Druggists.  
PRICE, 25 CENTS.*

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# **DR. J. C. WALKER,**

## **DENTIST,**

**Office in the Sadler House,  
WILLIAMSTON, S. C.**

Office days Wednesdays and Thursdays  
P. 8—I will be at my Pendleton office  
on Saturdays.